A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, April 18. 1710.

IN my last I drew up the formidable Forces of the Enemies of this Nation's Peace; I form'd some of them Into Lines, each Line with its main Battle and Wings, Infantry and Cavalry, advanc'd Parties and Reserves. I nam'd you a Few of the General Officers, and conceal'd others, to give them Room for Repentance; by this you may see if you please to sum up the Case a little, how this War is carry'd on: The *High-Church* are the denominating Parties; they have the Van, for they are the Leaders on; they have the Reserves, for they are the last Resort of the Cause: But when you have examin'd their Front, look beyond them a little, you shall find, that all their second Strength, all their Assistants are *Papists*, *Jacobites*, and *French* Auxiliaries——— These are the People that support the Quarrel, that back the *High-Flyers*, and in whom all the War centers.——They push on the *High-Flyers* indeed, and place them in the Front, because they are cloath'd in Shepherds Cloathing, and may deceive, as well as beat their Enemies; but when the Battle is joyn'd, and their Troops begin to mingle, these will be trampled down on both sides, and the other are the *Veterans*, that come in fresh, when their Enemy is out of Breath, with cutting these down.

In the *Turkish* Armies, at the first and prodigious Growth of that Empire, it was observable, their main Forces consisted of four Sorts of Troops, the *Tartars*, the *Spahi*, the

the *Asapi*, and the *Janizaries*——— The *Spahi* were their Cavalry, and were very good Troops; before them they had always running forward a great Body of *Tartars*, who are also Horse; the *Janizaries* were a standing Body of Infantry, who always had the main Battle, and guarded the Person of their Emperor.

Before them in the Front were always plac'd the *Asapi*; these were a vast Multitude of miserable People drawn or rather driven into their Armies; they were generally taken among the subjected Christian Countries, and were forc'd forward like Beasts to the Slaughter; they had Arms given them, and the Use of them was, that they might receive the first Fury of the Christians, when the Attack began—— When these were cut in pieces, or trampled under Foot, as they generally were, and the Swords of the Christians were, as it were, blunted with Slaughter. Then the second Line, which consisted of great and firm Bodies of *Janizaries*, old disciplin'd Soldiers, advanc'd with the *Spahi* Horse on their Wings——— These appear'd always what they were, *real Turks*, with their *Green Ensigns*, *Half-Moons*, and *Horse-Tail*. The other were a disguis'd half Kind of Christians, *Rascians*, *Greeks*, *Jews*, or any thing—— As the *Janizaries* advanc'd, if these did not make their Way forward, they frequently fir'd at them promiscuously, or the *Spahi* trod them down with their Horses, and over their Bellies, the old Troops would come foaming in upon the Christians already half spent with Slaughter; and thus they often obtain'd the Victory.

Time made the Christians wise enough to prevent the Mischief of this Contrivance, by the Help of their Cannon tearing these miserable Crowds of *Asapi* to pieces, before they came to close; and then by large Bodies of Dragoons falling in upon them, that so they would be often cut in pieces, before the main Body came to engage.

Gentlemen of the High-Church—Are not you the *Asapi* of the Party, we are now contending with? They place you in the Front, to receive the first Fire of the Battle—— It is you that will be *fin'd* for Riot, *silenc'd* for Sedition, and *haug'd* for Rebellion; and when they have thus worry'd us with you, then behold them in the second Line coming on, plain *Jacobites*, profess'd *Papists*, downright *French* Invaders, they come in fresh, and renew the Battle. And this is the Way they hope for Victory.

And pray, *Gentlemen, pursue the Allegory*; What will be the Issue, when the Battle is joyn'd? You'd be trod down on every side, we are oblig'd in meer Defence to fall upon you, the Government, the Establishment, all the Friends to Peace and Union must fight you, *and bring you down*; Necessity obliges us to it, there is no Help for it, for you attack us; your Pulpits invade us, your Bonfires alarm us, your Rabbles insult us, and no Government can bear it—— Now pray look back, *over your Bellies* both Parties must fight; *Jacobitism*, if it conquers, must tread you down to come at their Victory; *Revolution* must trample you under Foot to come at *Jacobitism*——— Let a *High-Flyer* but tell us upon what Principle he can stand—Neither Side can hold with him—— *Jacobitism* cannot trust him, for he has abjur'd it; *Revolution* cannot trust him, for he has perjur'd it——— He is a Traytor to the *Pretender*'s Cause, a Renegadoe to the Revolution, and a Rebel to the QUEEN.

I see nothing for him but the Fate of the *Asapi*, (*viz.*) to be trodden under Foot, and torn to pieces. Unhappy *High-Flyers*! *Meer Asapi!* A Crowd of wretched People, *les Enfans perdue*, that whenever the two Armies joyn Battle, must be squeez'd between the two mighty Weights, and be trod under Foot by both—And really they deserve it, for they fight on no side, and on every side, they are *Ishmaelites* in this Quarrel—— The *Jacobites* make Tools of them, to ruffle and insult the Government; the *Jacobites* are the *Janizaries*, and these are the *Asapi*; and which side soever gains, they are to be the Losers.

And pray, *Gentlemen High-Church*, see this verify'd in your Rabbles; what are the few Miserables now in the Hands of Justice for your Cause? Are they *Jacobites?* No, no; the *Jacobites* are wiser, *they know better*. Do you think they will thrust their own

own Fingers into the Fire, while they can make uſe of yours? Are there any *Papiſts* among them? NO. Do you think the *Papiſts* are Fools, to knock their own Heads againſt Ours, when they can make us knock our own Heads one againſt another? *No, no, Gentlemen*, the *Jacobites* and *Papiſts* are all in the ſecond Line—They will come in at laſt, and compleat the Victory, *and by the way, run away with the Spoil*; but not a Blow will they ſtrike, till the *Aſapi*, the poor driven ſubjected Beaſts of the *High-Church* Party are firſt troden down, and the firſt Fury of the Enemy ſpent upon them—*Then it is now*, YOUR Mob, YOUR Watermen, YOUR Poſt-maſters, *&c. Yours of the High-Church*—Theſe are now at the Bar, and in the Hands of Juſtice, the Halter and the Whip muſt act upon you, and they come in at laſt, and remember, the Glory as well as Gain of the Victory is to be all theirs—When will this blinded Generation find their Eyes!—When will Men know and purſue their true Intereſt!

Let us now draw out our own Forces, and ſee what we have to oppoſe theſe mighty Invaders——And who are the true Enemy they fight againſt.

But firſt I muſt diſſipate a Cloud here, a Miſt, which *High-Flying* Witchcraft has endeavour'd to ſpread over the Eyes of the People; *Viz.* That all this War is againſt the *Diſſenters*, that the *Presbyterians* are the Enemy——— This is the Sham, but not one Word of Truth in it———This indeed is the popular Cry, becauſe they could not raiſe the Mob without it——— But this is not *the Bird they ſhoot at*——— Liſten to the Noiſe of the Crowd, and hearken cloſe, you'll hear *a double Sound in it all*; and they came exactly from the two Lines of the Army I ſpoke of, the Cry is rais'd in the firſt Line, and anſwer'd like an *Echo* in the ſecond——— *High Church* raiſes the Cry; *Jacobite* anſwers *as the Echo* — THUS;

High-Church. Damn the *Presbyterians.*

Echo. Damn the Biſhops for *Presbyterians.*

High-Church. Down with the Meeting-houſes.

Echo. Down with the Bank.

High-Church. Burn that Dog *Burgeſs*, and all the Phanatick Miniſters.

Echo. Burn the State-Miniſtry, and damn the whole Adminiſtration.

High-Church. God bleſs the QUEEN, and Dr. *Sacheverell.*

Echo. God bleſs the *King*, and Dr *Sacheverell.*

Theſe Things are not Banter or Suggeſtions, but Matters of Fact; and all theſe horrid Things, and more, were heard among their Mobbs in the Nights of their Tumults, ſome of them I heard my ſelf, and others, I can bring ſubſtantial Witneſſes to prove, tho' the Speakers being too ſecure in Number, could not be notic'd.

How at their Bonfire in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* did they curſe Dr. *Burgeſs* with one Breath, and my Lord Treaſurer in another! the Diſſenting Miniſters and the State-Miniſtry, the Meeting-houſes and the Bank; the Caſe is plain, 'tis the Colour and the Reality, the Sound and the Echo—Nothing can be plainer, they made it ſo themſelves——The Aim is the Crown, the Government; and the *Pretender's* Health was drunk that Night in ſuch Places, and by ſuch Perſons, as it is ſtrange even to think of—— And what is the End of all? *As I us'd to ſay*, Gentlemen, pray, WHAT's NEXT? Dr. *Sacheverell* and his Mob began at *Weſtminſter*, and roll'd on to the *Temple*, *where the honeſt Man left them*; nor will I ſay he deſign'd what follow'd, becauſe he diſowns it, and pretends to abhor it——— But the Mob is rais'd, one Man may raiſe a Devil, when many cannot lay him——— The Mob is up; and WHAT NEXT? Let's ſee the Order of Things; *down with the Meeting-houſes.* Well, and WHAT NEXT? Down with the *Presbyterians.* And WHAT NEXT? Down with the Bank. WHAT NEXT? Down with the Biſhops. WHAT NEXT? Down with the QUEEN, that is, down with the Revolution, Succeſſion, and Union—— And any Body may tell, *what's next to* that.

Theſe are the Gradations of the Party; this is the natural Tendency of the Thing; and I am ſure, I cannot be charg'd with inſuring them, their own Conſciences would teſtifie for me, and an honeſt *Jacobite* would not deny it.

I muſt adjourn the Armies drawn up againſt them to my next.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth——By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been Hop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

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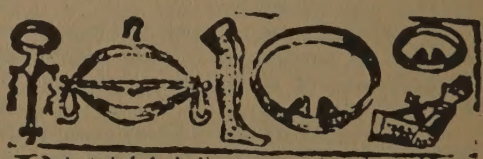

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